

Rapture

Hurt

In the life of the wrong a love lingered on,
Love lingered on to frustration.
And if our love is so wrong, what should we do alone?
Or am I just a picture in a photograph?
Why are we stuck in this pantomime fearing a god who died?
One who would not deny lovers?
And I don't care what they say, if what you need is your faith,
Then take a look at my face and know

That till your rapture falls to pieces
Until your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Simple things like suffering
Life had gone this way
Life is gone this way

Still in the life of the wrong we all moved along
Another life evolved to gestation
And so we made our way with the mistake we made
But she was just a picture from a photograph

So she walked in the baby's room
Knowing what she should do
Leaves me in absolute horror
She put her hand on its lips
And gave it one last kiss
And sang some tune that went

Until your rapture falls to pieces
Till your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Simple things like suffering

And I would and I would, destroy your god
Yes I would if I could destroy your god
Because you're born again
Until you're worn again,

Until your rapture falls to pieces
Till your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Sinful things like suffering
Till your rapture falls to pieces
Till your rapture falls to pieces

But, if this must be, then burn with me
Anything
Just don't leave
So find in me the room to breathe
Sinful things like suffering
Till your rapture falls to pieces

She swore she heard the voice of Jesus
Telling her it was wrong to keep it
And one more thing, it looked like me
Back when it breathed
Rest in peace

Until the rapture comes to meet us